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A HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE.

WHAT is a hero? seems a needless question in a land where so many heroes have been born and bred: yet I am not sure that our usual ideas of heroism are very correct. The multitude, seeing that the heroic deeds we applaud are most generally those performed by our brave men—our sailors and soldiers—consider them, and them only, as our heroes. The correctness of this conclusion I cannot at present pause to consider, but I am inclined to extend the title of hero to some whom it has not hitherto reached. Flowing from a high principle, which has its basis in pure moral feeling, there is a self-denying, self-devoting power—a power of sacrificing self and all its wishes, all its prospects, all its dearest earthly hopes, at the call of duty; which is many, many a time practised amid the obscurest scenes of life, amidst the noiseless and unknown fulfilment of daily and hourly toils, of which few of the many who have been clamorously hailed as heroes, would be found capable—heroism which can battle down the aspirations of a lofty spirit; the bounding thoughts and purposes of genius—of talent; the joyous anticipations of a young and mirthful heart; and at the call of duty or affection be content to smother all its cherished hopes and wishes, and to wear away dreary days and sleepless nights in cheerfully performing lowly household tasks; in watching over sick-beds; training up wayward children of the dead—or, it may be, the unworthy; in attending to petty, spirit-killing, mind-extinguishing cares and services, till youth and bloom, with all their gay hopes and sweet affections, have perished—and for ever!

Of this species of heroism, the greater number of examples will certainly be found among women; though among men the instances of most noble self-devotion, without even a hope or thought of attaining the smallest portion of the bubble honour, are, I am persuaded, both numerous and striking. Thoughts of this kind never occur to me without conjuring up to my mind's eye the tall, handsome, but now most attenuated form of John Cochrane, whose sacrifice of self has seldom been surpassed. He is of a family of brave men—natives of Stirlingshire. Having a number of years ago wished to emigrate to Canada, they removed westward, intending to sail from Clyde, which, however, they were prevented from doing. The person entrusted with the money raised for the expenses of the voyage and subsequent settlement, acted unfairly, and I believe absconded; so that they were compelled for want of funds to remain in Port-Glasgow, where three or four of the lads became sailors. They are all first-rate men, and are at present employed as masters or pilots of different steam-vessels either at home or abroad. John, the individual of whom I write, was pilot of a very fine steam-vessel called the *Clydesdale*, of which the master was a clever worthy young man, named Turner.

About the year 1827, this vessel was appointed to sail between Clyde and the west coast of Ireland; and one evening, after setting out on the voyage with between seventy and eighty passengers, Cochrane observed at intervals a slight smell of fire, and went about anxiously endeavouring to discover whence it originated. On communicating with the master, he found that he, too, had perceived it; but neither of them could form the least conjecture as to where it arose. A gentleman passenger, also, observed this alarming vapour, which alternately rose and passed away, leaving them in doubt of its being a reality. About eleven at night, this gentleman went to bed, confident of safety; but while Cochrane was at the helm, the master ceased not an instant to search from place to place, as the air became more and more im-

pregnated with the smell of burning: at last he sprang upon deck, exclaiming, "Cochrane, the flames have burst out at the paddle-box!" John calmly inquired, "then, shall I put about?" From what cause I do not distinctly know, Turner's order was to "proceed." Cochrane struck one hand upon his heart, as he flung the other above his head, and with uplifted eyes uttered, "Oh, God Almighty, enable me to do my duty! and, oh God, provide for my wife, my mother, and my child!" and instantly taking the helm, fixed himself on the spot.

Whether it was the thoughts of the dreadful nature of the Galloway coast, girdled as it is with perpendicular masses of rock, which influenced the master in his decision to press forward, I cannot tell; but as there was only the wide ocean before and around them, the pilot did not long persist in this hopeless course. He put the boat about, sternly subduing every expression of emotion, and standing with his eyes fixed on the point for which he wished to steer. The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and, keeping the engine in violent action, the vessel, at the time one of the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames, and smoke, backward to the quarter gallery, where the self-devoted pilot stood like a martyr at the stake. Every thing possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water; but this became every moment more difficult and more hopeless, for, in spite of all that could be done, the devouring fire seized the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated. Still, still the hero never flinched! At intervals the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flame and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude as the multitude on the prow got a glimpse of the brave man standing calm and fixed on his dreadful watch!

The blazing vessel, glaring through the darkness of night, had been observed by the people on shore, and they had assembled on the heights adjoining an opening in the rocks about twelve yards wide; and there, by waving torches and other signals, did their best to direct the crew to the spot. The signals were not misunderstood by Cochrane. By that time his feet were roasted on the deck! The fierce fire still kept the engine in furious action, impelling the vessel onward: but this could not have lasted above another minute; and during the interval he ran her into the open space, and laid her alongside a ledge of rock, upon which every creature got safe on shore—all unscathed, except the self-devoted one, to whom all owed their lives! Had he flinched for a minute, they must all have perished. What would not any or all of them have given, when driving over the wide sea in their flaming prison, to the man who would have promised them safety! But when this heroic man had accomplished the desperate undertaking, did the gratitude of this multitude continue beyond the minute of deliverance! I believe it did not! One man exclaimed, "There is my trunk—I am ruined without it: five pounds to whoever will save it!" Cochrane could not hesitate in relieving any species of distress. He snatched the burning handle of the trunk, and swung it on shore, but left the palm of his hand and inside of his fingers sticking upon it—a memorial which might have roused the gratitude of the most torpid savage! But he who offered the reward forgot to pay it to one who could not and would not ask of any one on earth.

As might have been expected, his constitution, though very powerful, has never recovered the effects of that dreadful burning. Indeed, it required all the skill and enthusiasm of an eminent physician under whose care he placed himself, to save his life. Though the flames had not actually closed round him as he stood on his awful watch, yet such was the heat under him and around him, that not only, as I have said, were his feet severely burnt, but his hair, a large hair-cap, and huge dreadnought watch-coat, which he wore, were all in such a state from the intense heat, that they crumbled into powder on the least touch. His handsome athletic form was reduced to the extreme emaciation; his young face became ten years older during that appalling night; and his hair changed to grey. From that time he has met with many and severe accidents in the course of his perilous occupations, some of which were probably owing to the disabled state of his body, and particularly his feet, a weakness in which has been the most conspicuous result of his gallantry.

A subscription was set on foot among the gentlemen of Glasgow some time after the burning. On this occasion the sum of a hundred pounds was raised, of which sixty pounds were divided between the master and pilot, and the remainder given to the sailors. Had it then been known that this brave man's health was so grievously and permanently injured, there can be little doubt that a sum much more adequate to his sufferings and his merit would have been subscribed; and perhaps even now it may not be too late. He has eight little children, of whom the oldest is but ten years; and, superadded to his bodily sufferings and shattered health since that night of horror, he has now the anguish of a father in seeing grow up around him so many young claimants on the industry it is but too probable he may never be able to exert.

POETS-LAUREAT.

It is generally known that the court of Great Britain retains an officer under the title of poet-laureat, whose duty it was, at no distant date, to produce annual odes on the new year and the king's birth-day, for which there was assigned a salary of one hundred and twenty-seven pounds a-year, the odd twenty-seven being a composition for a tierce of Canary wine which he formerly got from the royal cellars. We have been at some pains in bringing together the materials of a historical sketch of this singular office, in the hope that it may afford some entertainment to our readers.

A custom of crowning poets with wreaths of laurel originated in Greece, and was transmitted to both ancient and modern Rome. In the fourteenth century, Petrarch was the subject of a pompous public ceremony of this kind, and it was repeated at a later period in honour of Tasso. A similar custom obtained among the universities, on giving the degrees of doctor and bachelor. From the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Emperors of Germany had a court poet who received the honour of a laurel coronation, and was called *Gekronte dichter*, or, in Italian phrase, *Il poeta Cesareo*: the illustrious Metastasio at one time held the office. The French never have had a poet-laureat.

In England, the court, almost from time immemorial, had a miserable dependent called the *King's Poet*, or the *King's Versificator*. JOHN KAY, who dedicated a History of Rhodes to Edward IV., terms himself his *humble poet-laureat*; and this individual is supposed by Warton to have been the first who took that supe-

* D'Israeli's Curiousities of Literature. Conversations Lexicon.

rior title.* From a charter of Henry VII. *pro poeta laureato* [for the poet-laureat], it would appear that this monarch had also such a retainer. It is known that his own son Henry VIII. conferred the dignity on SKELTON, so celebrated for his profuse and easy rhymes; but it is not possible to trace a regular series of officials till the beginning of the seventeenth century. SPENSER, being rewarded in 1591, by Queen Elizabeth, with a pension of fifty pounds, for the dedication of his *Faery Queen*, was usually called her laureat, but without any definite appointment.† Notwithstanding his pension, Spenser died broken-hearted and in want of bread, in King Street, Westminster, after refusing a present from the Earl of Essex, of twenty pieces of gold, which he mournfully said he could not live to spend. His successor as laureat seems to have been SAMUEL DANIEL, a poet of no great general power, and who is accordingly now little known, but who could sometimes rise into a noble meditative strain, and was not without some pathos and feeling.

It does not very clearly appear that Daniel, if he really had the title of laureat, received any salary in that capacity, though he enjoyed some other posts at court. It is usually stated, that, at his death in 1619, BEN JONSON, who for some years had performed the duties, acceded to the title.‡ But this is hardly consistent with the fact, which appears from King Charles's subsequent patent, that Ben was favoured by King James, in February 1616, with the gift of an annual pension of a hundred merks, out of his mere good will to letters. If the receipt of this royal favour was unconnected, as it appears to have been, with any arrangement in which Daniel was concerned, we must doubt the fact of Jonson having succeeded that poet as laureat. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the commencement of the pension in 1616, is the first clear commencement of the post of laureat, as now understood.

Long before 1616, Ben Jonson had been fully engaged in the service of the court, which was indebted to him for some of the most beautiful masques in the English language. He had also shown his peculiar qualifications for the duty of a laureat, by flattering James as the best of both poets and kings. In 1629, when he was in distress from sickness, King Charles sent him a present of one hundred pounds, which, Sir Walter Scott justly says, would be no trifling gift for a poor bard, even in the present day.§ Jonson acknowledged the royal generosity in a grateful epigram, which turns upon a declaration that Charles was possessed of both the gift of curing the king's evil, and the poet's evil—poverty; but his gratitude seems to have been much of that kind which consists in a lively anticipation of future favours, for, in the very next year, we have him petitioning that his pension of a hundred merks may be made a hundred pounds.

*The humble petition of poor Ben,
To the best of monarchs, masters, and men,
KING CHARLES:*

— Doth humbly show it,
To your Majesty, your poet:
That, whereas your royal father,
James the Blessed, pleased the rather,
Of his special grace to letters,
To make all the muses debtors
To his bounty, by extension
Of a free poetic pension,
A large hundred merks annuity,
To be given me in gratuity,
For done service, and to come;
And that this so accepted sum,
Or dispensed in books or bread,
(For with both the muse was fed),
Hath drawn on me from the times
All the envy of the rhymes,
And the rattling pit-pat noise
Of the less poetic boys,
When their pot-guns aim to hit
With their pellets of small wit
Parts of me (they judged) decayed,
But we last out still unlaid.
Please your Majesty to make,
Of your grace, for goodness' sake,
Those your father's marks your pounds:
Let their spite, which now abounds,
Then go on and do its worst;
This would all their envy burst:
And so warm the poet's tongue,
You'd read a snake in his next song.

The king accordingly having received a surrender of the patent for the former annuity, was pleased to grant a new one for a hundred pounds and "one terce of Spanish wine yearly, out of our store of wines remaining in our cellars within the palace of Whitehall;" and this "in consideration of the acceptable service done unto us and our said father, by the said Benjamin Jonson, and especially to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen, which we have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him." The date of this patent is the 26th of March, and its efficacy was shown in little more than two months by an *Epigram on the Queen then Lying in* (a subject which we fear Mr Southey might have some difficulty in handling discreetly, though he has given us something of the sort in his *Tale of Paraguay*), and an *Epigram on the Birth of the Prince* (afterwards Charles II.); poems altogether over and above the

usual allowance. In the same year, however, we find Ben, whose fondness for a cup of wine at the Devil Tavern near Temple-Bar is well known, complaining of a delay in what would probably appear to him the most important part of his majesty's bounty.

An Epigram to the Household.

What can the cause be, when the king hath given
His poet sack, the household will not pay?
Are they so scant in their store, or driven
For want of knowing the poet to say him nay?
Well they should know him, would the king but grant
His poet leave to sing his household true;
He'd frame such ditties of their store and want,
Would make the very green-cloth to look blue;
And rather wish in their expense of sack,
To the allowance from the king to use,
As the old bard should no Canary lack,
'Twere better spare a butt than spill his muse.
For in the genius of a poet's verse,
The king's fame lives. Go now deny his tierce.

Ben probably got his tierce; but if the power of the king to cure the disorder usually submitted to his touch was no more effectual than his power of curing the poet's evil, his legitimacy might have in those days become liable to some doubt. Jonson is found in the very next year sending a mendicant petition to the Lord Treasurer; and it would appear that another was in time dispatched to the king, as a story is related of the monarch sending him ten pieces when he was on his deathbed. In reference to this latter gift, Ben remarked, "He sends me this trifle because I am poor and live in an alley; but go back and tell him that his soul lives in an alley." The poet expired in August 1637.

On the death of Jonson, the king, who was a competent judge of poetry, wished to confer the vacant wreath on Thomas May, afterwards the historian of the Long Parliament; but the queen obtained it for her favourite bard WILLIAM DAVENANT, author of *Gondibert*, a heroic poem, and of a great number of plays. The office and pension were given to Davenant in December 1638, sixteen months after the death of Jonson; the delay having probably been occasioned by the disputes which had broken out in the interval, between the king and his Scottish subjects. This laureat fought in the civil war, and was knighted by the king for his services: he was afterwards taken prisoner by the parliamentary forces, and with great difficulty escaped being put to death. During the interregnum or commonwealth, Davenant was still considered as the laureat by his own party, and he accordingly resumed the duties and emoluments of the office at the Restoration. Cromwell, we presume, never thought of appointing an officer of this kind himself, though, in Milton, he probably employed the greatest poet that ever performed state service in England. Davenant died in 1668, and, in August 1670, the office of poet-laureat, with that of royal historiographer, was conferred upon DRYDEN, a salary of £200 being appointed, in addition to the butt of wine, for the united offices. The patent bore a retrospect to the term after Davenant's demise, and is declared to be to "John Dryden, master of arts, in consideration of his many acceptable services theretofore done to his present majesty [Charles II.], and from an observation of his learning and eminent abilities, and his great skill and elegant style, both in verse and prose." It is allowed, however, that the salary was very irregularly paid during the reign of this prodigal monarch.

In 1689, being unable from both religious and political prepossessions to take the oaths to the government of William and Mary, this illustrious poet was compelled with an anguished heart to resign his offices. They were conferred, with a salary increased to three hundred pounds, upon THOMAS SHADWELL, a person now only known to British literature through the immortal satire of *Macfieone*, in which Dryden had pilloried him as the prince of dullness.

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray.

A modern critic, reviewing the comedies of this author, gives a judgment, which will be startling to those who have been content to take him upon the opinion of his great rival and antagonist. According to this writer,* he was an accomplished observer of human nature, had a ready power of seizing the ridiculous in the manners of the times, was a man of sense and information, and displayed in his writings a very considerable fund of humour.† Whatever truth there may be in this decision, it seems reasonable to conclude with Sir Walter Scott, that, in his whiggery, and the sufferings he had endured under the old government, as a "non-conforming poet," he probably possessed merits with King William, which were deemed by that prince as of more importance than all the genius of Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, if it could have been combined in one individual.‡

On the death of Shadwell in 1692, the office of laureat was bestowed upon NAHUM TATE, a dramatist and miscellaneous writer, who is now known only for his joint labours with Nicolas Brady in a metrical version of the Psalms. Tate retained the laurel during this and the succeeding reign, and even wrote the first birth-day ode for George I., but is said to have died in 1715, in the Mint, where he was forced to seek

shelter by extreme poverty.* His successor was NICOLAS ROWE, a poet not much superior to his two predecessors, though he has retained a better reputation. At the death of this bard in December 1718, the laurel was given to the Reverend LAWRENCE EUSDEN, an obscure versifier, who contributed to the *Guardian*, but whose poetical works are not now, any more than those of Shadwell or Tate, admitted into the collective editions of the British Poets. It is said that he owed the preferment to the Duke of Newcastle, as a reward for an epithalamium on his grace's marriage to Lady Henrietta Godolphin. He was succeeded in 1730 by Mr COLLEY CIBBER, a good comic dramatist, but a wretched poet. This was the fifth appointment in which party politics had directed the royal choice, to the neglect of real merit. Shadwell and Tate had been appointed during the life of Dryden, and Rowe, Eusden, and Cibber, during the lives of Pope and Swift. But the Whig party seem to have been at this time poorer in poetical genius than at almost any other. In consequence of the place being so frequently given without reference to merit, it had now become a regular butt for the superior as well as the inferior denizens of Parnassus—for Twickenham as well as Grub Street. Among the innumerable pasquinades which Cibber elicited, one may be given as at once brief and pungent:—

In merry old England it once was a rule,
That the king had his poet and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Colley, however, who had at least a sufficient stock of good nature and power of enduring sarcasm, sung on amidst the thick-flying hail of wit with which he was assailed, probably consoling himself with the reflection, that, in the pension and Canary, he had the better part of the joke to himself. A single specimen of the doggerel with which he annually insulted the majesty of England may be given from the ode for 1731:—

From a heart which abhors the abuse of high pow'r,
Are our liberties duly defended;
From a courage inflamed by the terrors of war,
With his fame is our commerce extended.†

Perhaps, if a butt filled from the sewers, instead of one filled by the sewers, had been given to Colley, the appropriateness of the reward would not have been less appropriate.

After a degradation of twenty-seven years, the laureateship was conferred, at the death of Cibber in 1757, upon WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, a gentleman of good education, and whose poetry at least displayed literary correctness and taste, if it rose to no higher qualities. From the days of Rowe, if not from an earlier period, the regular duty had been to produce an ode for the new year and one for the king's birthday, both of which, being set to music by the master of the king's band, were sung before the court, and likewise published in the newspapers. Throughout the whole term of the eighteenth century, when there was little genuine poetry of any kind, the productions of the laureat were generally a mere tissue of tame and senseless verses; but some allowance ought in fairness to be made for the difficulty which a man of even superior genius must have experienced, in, year after year, forcing from his brain ideas at all approaching a poetical character, respecting subjects which in reality have nothing poetical about them. Indeed it must be acknowledged, that the absurdity does not lie so much in the odes, as in the custom of exacting them. In this point of view, Whitehead himself seems to have regarded the office, for in a *Pathetic Apology for all Laureats, past, present, and to come*, which appeared in the edition of his works published after his death, he almost redeems the serious nonsense of eight-and-twenty years, by the humour with which he ridicules the envious poetasters who were in the habit of publishing rival odes.

His muse, obliged by sack and pension,
Without a subject or invention,
Must certain words in order set,
As innocent as a gazette;
Must some half-meaning half-disguise,
And utter neither truth nor lies.
But why will you, ye volunteers,
In nonsense tease us with your jeers,
Who might with dulness and her crew
Securely slumber? Why will you
Sport your dim orbs amidst her fogs?
You're not obliged—ye silly dogs!

Whitehead was succeeded in 1785 by the Reverend THOMAS WARTON, author of the *History of English Poetry*, whose lyrical genius might have been expected, if such had been at all possible, to lend a grace to even this dreary task. His odes, however, were found in no respect superior to those of at least his immediate predecessor, and an attempt seems to have been made in his reign to remit a portion of the duty. In a volume of the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, published about this period, Gibbon made the remark that "from Augustus to Louis the muse has been too often venal; yet I doubt much whether any age or court can produce a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who, in every reign and at all events, is bound to furnish, twice a-year, a measure of praise and verse, such as may be sung in the chapel, and, I believe, in the presence of the sovereign. I speak the more freely," added the his-

* History of English Poetry. † Anderson's British Poets.
‡ Works of Ben Jonson.
§ Life of Dryden, prefixed to Dryden's works.

* Retrospective Review, xvi. 56.

† Life of Dryden.

* Conversations Lexicon.

† Gentleman's Magazine, 1733.

torian, "as the best time for abolishing this ridiculous custom is while the prince is a man of virtue, and the poet a man of genius." Apparently in consequence of these observations, the New Year's Ode was discontinued in 1790. The non-performance of the accustomed folly occasioned much talk, and was adverted to by Peter Pindar in what he called an *Ode on No Ode* :—

What! not a sprig of annual metre,
Neither from Thomas nor from Peter!
Who has shut up the laureat's shop?
Alas, poor Tom's a-cold, I fear;
For sack poor Tom must drink small beer,
And, lo!—of that a scanty drop!

Loud roar of Helicon the floods,
Parnassus shakes through all his woods,
To think immortal verse should thus be slighted.
I see, I see the god of lyric fire
Drop suddenly his jaw and lyre—
I hear, I hear the Muses scream affrighted.

Perchance (his powers for future actions hoarding)
George thinks the year boasts nothing worth recording.
Yet what of that! Though nought has been effected,
Tom might have told us what might be expected;
Have said that civil list should sigh no more,
And Charlotte give—a sixpence to the poor!

In May this year, Warton died, and was succeeded (Copper being alive) by JAMES HENRY PYE, who, as the jest-books have it, was much cut up for his presumption in aspiring to such an honour, and of whom the least that can be said is, that he has no place in English literature. Pye seems to have resumed the practice of writing a new-year ode; but after 1796, neither new-year nor birth-day odes appear in the periodical publications which we have examined, and we are therefore inclined to suppose that the serious events of the war put a final stop to this tom-foolery. If Pye possessed no great genius, he was not deficient in the patriotic spirit of the time. He translated the war verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan, for the purpose of animating the British militia against the French; and a board of general officers, much impressed by their weight and importance, agreed to give all the effect in their power to his intentions. The verses were accordingly read aloud at Warley Common and Barham Downs by the adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp; and much was expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many as were within hearing or *verse-shot*, dropped their arms suddenly, and were all found fast asleep. Marquis Townsend, who never approved of the scheme, wittily remarked on this occasion, that the first of all poets had observed that *Sleep is the brother of Death*. This laureat, who consented to the commutation of his butt of wine for twenty-seven pounds, was succeeded in 1813 by Mr ROBERT SOUTHEY, the present occupant of the title and its accompanying pension, and the first man of true poetical genius who has held it since the dismissal of Dryden. It is rather curious to observe, that the laureates appointed by the Stuarts were uniformly men of a high order of genius, and that those nominated by the Brunswick sovereigns, during the whole of the first century of their sway, were, with the single exception of Warton, the dullest pretenders to poetry who existed in their respective lifetimes. It would thus appear, that, while the latter monarchs have unquestionably enjoyed more of the affections of the people than their predecessors, they have not been nearly so successful in securing to themselves the suffrages of men of genius.

LITTLE ANTOINE AND THE REDBREASTS.

(From the French.)

It was autumn. Nature verged towards her decline; but she was still brilliant—still beautiful. Great numbers of cows, with their large bells, fed in the meadows; sheep wandered in flocks on the hills, the heaths, and stubble-fields; the trees dropt around them their withered leaves; but those they still retained, variegated with the most beautiful colours from bright yellow to deep purple, gave a degree of brilliancy to the country which a more uniform verdure would have failed to impart. In the orchards, the trees bent beneath the weight of their beautiful fruits, with which the ground was strewed; the robust peasant, climbing up the boughs, his double sack upon his back, sang gaily as he filled it and the apron of his companion, who held it extended at the foot of the tree, and threw the fruit into the baskets. Rural and joyous sounds, bursts of laughter repeated from tree to tree, were heard on all sides, and announced the approach of the vintage. The hedges were full of birds, which skipped from branch to branch, gathering their little harvest, and singing the last pleasures of the year.

It was these charming birds that drew the pretty little Antoine into a path which led into the copse; he had set there the preceding evening a line of little nets of horse-hair with running knots, and his heart palpitated with emotion as he went to see if, for the first

time in his life, he had succeeded in entrapping a redbreast. Antoine was ten years old, and he was the handsomest of the children of misery; he was an only son, but he was not the richer for that. His mother, a poor infirm widow, had much difficulty in gaining their subsistence with her spinning-wheel. When she was well, she could, by labouring incessantly, manage this; but her miserable habitation, covered with straw, and scarcely protecting her from the weather, was damp; and the poor Jeanne, though still young, had a general rheumatism, which often hindered her from raising her foot to turn her wheel. It was then that the little Antoine, seating himself on the ground, turned the wheel while his mother span, till, fearing for his health, she ordered him to go and run and jump on the outside of the hut. Whilst the wheel turned, his mother taught him all she knew of prayers, psalms, and even songs, which he sung with a melodious voice. During the summer, Jeanne was in excellent health, and all was then pleasure and happiness. Antoine found a thousand ways to gain a little money, and he was quite overjoyed when he brought a sou to his mother. She had forbid him to beg, and he obeyed her; he loved better to gather the lily of the valley, strawberries, and mulberries, and to run and sell them in the town. When these failed him, there yet remained another resource, and this was his handsome figure and his beautiful voice; every peasant who met him gave him a kiss or a pat on his rosy cheek, and some fruit or vegetables, saying to him, "God bless thee, my child." Certainly the little Antoine was charming in his patched clothes, through which, in spite of the cares of his mother, his beautiful white skin was seen; while from under his little hat, once black, and which scarcely covered his head, his fair curls escaped and hung round his face. As to shoes and stockings, he did not know there were such things in the world; but he was not the less happy for that; his blue eyes sparkled not the less with pleasure and gaiety, and his red lips were not the less ready to laugh and sing. He trod then gaily and full of hope the path in the wood, trilling a new song which his mother had taught him, consisting of five verses, and in which he described himself as more gay and happy than the thoughtless bird springing in the morning from its nest.

"Antoine?" called an old woman who was gathering apples in the orchard. "What do you want with me, Dame Marguerite?" "Come and sing me your song, and I will give you an apple." "Willingly," said Antoine, lightly leaping the hedge; and running up to her he immediately began his song. "That will do for the present," said Marguerite at the third verse; "I am very busy just now, but you shall sing me the rest some other day."

Whilst she spoke, he lifted the apples and put them into her basket. "Well," said she, "you shall have three in place of one, for your good help and your three couplets;" and she selected three of the largest. Antoine skipped for joy, for he had not breakfasted. With Marguerite's assistance, he crammed into the pockets of his vest the two largest, which gave a most grotesque appearance to his figure; and biting the third with his beautiful teeth, and thanking Dame Marguerite, he sprang over the hedge, and took the way to the little wood. "What a happy meeting!" said he, striking his two apples; "the morning has begun well; I have it in my mind that I will be happy the whole day. If I find a bird, I shall carry to my mother two apples and something besides." He entered the wood, and saw near his nets two beautiful redbreasts, which did not fly away. He approached softly; the redbreasts were taken by their little feet, and every effort they made to fly only served to tighten the knot. The mind of Antoine was divided between joy at the success of his attempt, and pity for his little prisoners. "Two beautiful redbreasts!" said he at first with pride; "poor dear little ones!" added he compassionately, "if you have broken your legs, how sorry I shall be! Wait, darling little creatures; I will disengage you without hurting you: and then—and then—I will caress you so much; you will be so happy that you will never regret your liberty; yes, you will both be happy, I promise you."

He cut the horse-hair with his teeth, disengaged them carefully, covering one with his hat while he loosened the others. He saw with great pleasure that they were not hurt: he breathed on their little legs, rubbed them, kissed them; then holding a bird in each hand, he carried them in triumph, and took the road to the city, with as much delight and pride as a soldier who has taken two enemies captive.

"How happy I am!" said he to himself, as he looked through his fingers at the two birds, "and how pretty you are, little ones, with your grey and green back, and your breast like the yolk of an egg, and your little sparkling black eyes!" He raised one to his lips and kissed it. "You are the handsomest," said he softly; "you shall belong to young Master Wilhelm, the counsellor's son, who has always so much money in his pocket, and who will buy you plenty of charming seeds: he is so rich he has promised me six sous for a redbreast—six sous, little one; see what you are worth! And how happy my mother will be!—she will be able to remain a whole day without spinning. Poor mother!—there was much need that you came to be caught. 'Antoine,' said she weeping to me this morning, 'I have nothing to give thee for breakfast.' Ah, well, the good Marguerite has provided that with her large apple; and now it is

you, little one, who will give her a dinner. Ah, how happy she will be, and I also, when I shall carry her six beautiful sous in one hand, and in the other a pretty redbreast; for I wish to keep you, my little friend," said he to the second; "you will amuse me all the winter. I will save all the crumbs of my bread for you. I will go to the hedges to seek the berries you love. Come, you will want for nothing; we will be good companions. What a pleasure to see you jump about me, to hear you sing, to warm you in my hand! My mother, also, will be amused; she will love you dearly. Ah, if you knew how good she is—how happy we three will be together!" And he kissed it with more tenderness than the other, for it was his own property. In his joy he went very fast, and sang his song from beginning to end. He had scarcely finished, when, turning a hedge, he found himself in front of a group of gentlemen in green hunting-dresses, covered with lace and gold. At the head of the cavalcade was the prince of the country, whom he recognised by his embroidered star and his beautiful hat, rather than by his features, for he had never seen him but at a distance.

The poor little Antoine remained stupified. He would have been still more confounded if he had known that it was he who had drawn the prince to that side of the wood. After having been at the chase for some time, he was returning to his palace, when he was struck with Antoine's beautiful voice, which made the wood resound. The prince stopped. "What a charming voice!" said he to the noblemen who accompanied him. "It is a young girl," replied the chamberlain, deceived by the silvery tones. "I believe, your highness, it is a little boy," said one of the huntsmen. The prince wished to know the truth; he rode towards the place from which the sound proceeded, and soon saw Antoine, whose cheeks became as red as the two apples which peeped out of his pockets when the prince himself addressed him. "Was it you who sung, little one?" asked he. When a prince speaks, one may be permitted to forget a redbreast; Antoine thought no more of his than if they were still in the woods, and he hastened to take off his hat before answering. Whirr!—away flew one of the birds: he saw it, and, giving a loud cry, extended his hands to catch it, when, whirr! away flew the other after its companion. Antoine looked up and saw them flying away; large tears filled his eyes, and he cried with all his might, "Oh, my redbreasts, my redbreasts, my poor mother!" and his tears flowed. Every thing has its turn in this world; a moment before, the prince had made the redbreasts be forgotten, and now the redbreasts obliterated all remembrance of the prince. Antoine thought no more of him than if he had been in his court, and his lamentations followed their flight, when a burst of laughter from the prince and his attendants reminded him that he was not alone, and recalled the cause of his misfortune; and as he thought he was much to be pitied, he was very indignant at their mirth. "Yes, yes," said he, looking at the prince and shaking his head, "it is well for you to laugh, when you are the cause of my birds flying away." "Little clown," said one of the huntsmen, giving him a stroke with the handle of his whip, "is that a way to speak to the prince?" Antoine already felt that he had committed a fault, and with downcast eyes and clasped hands he fell on his knees and stammered out, "Pardon, pardon! my lord prince; do not kill the little Antoine." "Rise," said he gently; "I pardon you, but it is on condition that you sing me immediately the song which you sung in the wood." Antoine, too happy to get off so easily, wished to obey. He rose, rubbed his eyes with his sleeve, sighed profoundly, and tried to begin, but could not bring out a single note; his voice seemed to have flown away with his redbreasts; it shook, and in spite of all his efforts he could not articulate a single word. He was seized with terror; he believed himself lost, and, bathed in tears, he fell on his knees, crying, "Pardon, my lord prince; I cannot sing; do not kill me, I beseech you."

The prince was affected; he put his hand under Antoine's chin, and made him look up. "You are a fool, my little friend," said he to him; "come, take courage; I don't wish to hurt you. I have caused you much grief—I am sorry for it; you seem a good child. I ask you in return to do me a pleasure; your song has appeared to me so pretty, I wish to hear it again. Recover yourself, and endeavour to sing it from beginning to end." While he spoke with so much kindness, the countenance of Antoine brightened, smiles re-appeared on his lips, and gaiety in his eyes. "I ask nothing better than to do you a pleasure, Monseigneur; I would as willingly sing my song to you as to old Marguerite, who has given me these apples; but then—but at present—" "At present! what do you mean to say, my little dear; what hinders you at present? You are not afraid of me, I hope?" "Oh no, not at all; but see, how can I sing that I am a little boy very gay and very happy, when I have lost my two birds? This would be a lie, and my mother has forbid me to tell lies." "Good little child, sing it for that, and perhaps happiness will return while singing."

Antoine had too much sense not to seize the meaning of this phrase. Surely, thought he, this prince, who is so rich, wishes to give me as many sous as my song has verses, and that will be the reason he has bid me sing the whole of it. Then I wish there had been six; they would have been worth as much as

my redbreasts; however, five are a good many." This idea restored his voice and his courage—he began again, and sang his five little couplets with so much grace and sweetness, that the prince was enchanted. "Very well, my little dear," said he to him, "I thank you; you sing charmingly, and your song is very pretty; who taught it to you?" "My mother, my lord prince." "Your mother!—have you a father also?" "No, I have not had a father a long time; my mother says he is dead, and that since then she is a widow, and I am an orphan, and this is very sad." "Poor child!—and what is your mother's name?" "The good Jeanne, my lord prince; every one knows her; she spins for all the neighbours, and I often turn round the wheel for her." "And what is your name?" "The little Antoine, at your service." "Where is your house?—it is near this, I suppose," said the prince, looking round. "Our house!" said Antoine, smiling; "we have no house." "Where, then, do you live?" "Down there, my lord prince, under that straw roof which you see at the end of the field; it is not a house, it is a hut; but we would be as happy there as my lord in his castle, if the rain did not come in as much as if we were in the street, and if this did not make my mother ill." Whilst he was saying these words, the prince had remounted his horse, without appearing to pay any attention to them. "Adieu, my little Antoine," said he; "I thank you for your song; and when you catch redbreasts again, if you meet me, I will dispense with your saluting me." "Adieu, little Antoine," said the nobleman of his suite. "Adieu, little Antoine," said the huntsmen; and the whole party set off at full gallop. The little Antoine remained petrified. All these adieus were not ours; they would not give a dinner to his mother; his hopes had fled as well as his redbreasts.

"Adieu, little Antoine," repeated he; "truly I have got charmingly on. It is lucky that old Marguerite was more generous than the prince, and that my two apples have not wings like my redbreasts. I have at least something to carry to my mother; but I expected to have had so much more when I sung there so courageously, in spite of my grief. Ah, if I had been the prince, I would have given ten beautiful sous to the little Antoine, for his redbreasts and his song. Yes, ten sous, neither more nor less; and how happy Antoine would have been!—but, fool that I am, if I were a prince, I would do like other princes; I would gallop away on my beautiful horse, without ever thinking of the little Antoine. But patience," said he, taking the way to the hut; "there are still redbreasts and horse-hair in the world, and this evening I will spread my nets, and who knows but the very same may come again; I showed them so much friendship, and gave them so many sweet words. They are not princes; they know how to be grateful for the pleasures one does them. Oh, if I catch them again, fifty princes might pass before me without my pulling off my hat; he has permitted this, and that is so much gained; and then, if I have not money to carry to my mother, I have a fine story to tell her. Ah! she will scold me well for having spoken as I did; but when one saw the two redbreasts in the air, could one know what he was saying?"

While thus reflecting on the great events of the day, he approached the hut; and to his surprise, he saw before it the huntsmen with the horses, and out of the hut came the prince and his chamberlain; his mother followed them, making many reverences; and in another moment, all these grand people galloped away towards the city. What has he been doing there? thought the little Antoine; did he go to tell my mother of my rudeness? If she had heard it from myself, she would have pardoned me; but from the prince himself, she will be very angry. Ah, why did I meet him! I hope, at least, he has told her I sung at last as much as he wished.

He went on, and his mother limped forward to meet him. "Antoine, dear Antoine," cried she, as soon as he was near enough to hear her, "come quick, my child—see what M^{onsieur} has given me on your account;" and she showed him a large purse. When he had joined her, they seated themselves on the ground, and she emptied the purse into her apron, and counted fifty gold ducats. Antoine, amazed to see so many pieces at once, asked if they were worth as many sous. "They are much more beautiful," said he, "but not so large." "You do not know all yet," said she to him; "he has given us this treasure to procure us a better dwelling and also clothes; and he has promised me a louis every month till I am cured." "I hope he will not need to give you many of these coins, good mother; health is more valuable than riches, you always tell me; and now that you have no longer any cares, you will be quite well." "In good time, my child—but you do not know yet the best of all; if you continue to be good and amiable, M^{onsieur} wishes to educate you, and to take you for his lacquey." "For his lacquey!" said Antoine; "what is that, good mother?" "It is he who waits on him, who goes behind him, behind his chair, behind his carriage, behind—" "Ah! well," said the little boy, "but I do not like to be behind—that would hinder me from running; I don't want to be a lacquey; I wish to be your son—the little Antoine." "The one would not hinder the other, little fool." "How! not hinder it; when I shall be behind the prince, good mother, can I be at your side to help you to walk; when I must wait on him, how can I wait on you? Who will turn your wheel when I am planted behind his chair with

my arms crossed? No, truly, I do not wish to be his lacquey, nor even his huntsman—they are too rude to poor little boys; 'little clown!' said he to me, striking me with his whip. As to the prince, he is good and civil; he spoke gently to me; and then all these beautiful gold sous which he has given you! I love him; I will take him redbreasts, and I will sing my song as often as he likes; I will gather violets and strawberries to him in his castle, but I do not wish to stay there and be a lacquey, though he would give me every day a purse like yours."

He wept, and so did his mother, who embraced him. "Console yourself, dear Antoine," said she to him; "it would be very sad to me to separate myself from my son; but we will speak to the prince to get you taught a trade; and since you do not wish to quit me, you shall work near me." "With all my heart," said he, leaping for joy. He then presented his shoulder to his mother to support her; and as they went, he told her the whole story, of which she had not heard the particulars. The prince had entered the hut and had found her spinning; he had only said that he had met Antoine, and on account of his engaging appearance, he made this present to his mother. He learned that her husband had been a soldier, and that he had died in battle; his liberality then appeared to him a duty, and he promised a small pension to the widow, which was regularly paid. Antoine ever after loved redbreasts, and often said that to them he owed his happiness.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

NO. III.

REMAINING TRAITS OF SIR RICHARD DE COVERLEY.

"I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday (continues Addison). It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings."

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard of.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him; and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir until Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that, upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him the next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a-year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

It may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house; as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees but I should reflect upon her and her severity: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the

same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees: so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before, and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors, who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man, who did not think ill of his own person, in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rode well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for the destruction of all who behold her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murmur to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, make way for the defendant's witnesses. This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers; and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations. However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country."

You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the county. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but, indeed, it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse, though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man of business in bodily exercise, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer, that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed

with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner; and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that, for distinction's sake, has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in, and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season, and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole county could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalise himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts; his tenants are still full of the praises of a grey horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger being at present too old for fox-hunting to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles, and got a pack of stoep-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rode along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by, which he generally requited with a nod or smile, and a kind of inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rode about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake, almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm, but to no purpose, until Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me 'if puss was gone that way?' Upon my answering 'yes,' he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion, 'that it was a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying *stole away*.'

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forward, or in hunter's language 'flying the country,' as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them. If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who

rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his bounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, for the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent; if I was under any concern, it was on account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet, on the signal before mentioned, they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and, alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon delivered up to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard, where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a-year, an honest man; he is just within the game act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant; he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week, and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long, for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, until he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him four-score pounds a-year; but he has 'cast,' and been cast, so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short until we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr such an one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that 'much might be said on both sides.' They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sitting before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, 'that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.' I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that grave appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a

general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger 'was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the county.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the county gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the knight's family, and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a signpost before the door, so that the 'knight's head' had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's direction to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's-head. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, 'that much might be said on both sides.'

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels."

PHENOMENA IN SEEING COLOURS.

It has long been remarked in ordinary life, that one person has not the same ideas of colour as another; there being frequently something in the vision of individuals which causes them to observe and form opinions of tints in a way different from their neighbours. Thus the late Mr Dugald Stewart was insensible to the less refrangible colours of the spectrum, and could not distinguish a red fruit from the green leaves of the tree. Probably, the facts related in the following extract from Mr Combe's system of Phrenology, taken apart from the phrenological references, will afford some gratification to our readers:—

"Although the eyes are affected agreeably or disagreeably by different modifications of the beams of light or by colours, yet they do not conceive the relations of different colours, their harmony or discord, and they have no memory of them. Certain individuals are almost destitute of the power of perceiving colours, who yet have the sense of vision acute, and readily perceive other qualities in external bodies, as their size and form. Observation proves that individuals who have a part of the brain immediately over the eye, below the eyebrow, largely developed, possess in a high degree the power of discriminating colours, and on this account the phrenologist admits this as a fundamental faculty of the mind.

The faculty, when powerful, gives a delight in contemplating colours, and a vivid feeling of their harmony and discord. Those in whom the organ is deficient experience little interest in colouring, and are almost insensible to difference of hues. In the Phrenological Transactions, Dr Butler reports the case of Mr Robert Tucker, whose eyesight was not deficient, and who was able neither to distinguish nor to recollect many of the primitive colours, even when shown to him. 'Orange, he calls green, and green colours orange; red, he considers as brown, and brown as red; blue silk looks to him like pink, and pink of a light blue colour; indigo is described as purple.'

The organ is reported to be decidedly deficient in this gentleman's head. The case of Mr James Milne, brassfounder in Edinburgh, is also peculiarly illustrative of this faculty; and as I obtained the facts from himself, they may be implicitly relied on.

Mr Milne's grandfather, on the mother's side, had a deficiency in the power of perceiving colours, but could distinguish forms and distance easily. On one occasion, this gentleman was desirous that his wife should purchase a beautiful green gown. She brought several patterns to him, but could never find one which came up to his views of the colour in question. One day he observed a lady passing on the street, and pointed out her gown to his wife, as the colour that he wished her to get; when she expressed her astonishment, and assured him that the colour was a mixed brown, which he had all along mistaken for a green. It was not known till then that he was deficient in the power of perceiving colours.

Neither Mr Milne's father, mother, nor uncle, on the mother's side, were deficient in this respect; so that the imperfection passed over one generation. In himself and his two brothers, however, it appeared in a decided manner; while in his sisters, four in number, no trace of it is to be found, as they distinguish colours easily. Mr Spankie, a cousin once removed, has a similar defect.

Mr Milne is rather near-sighted, but never could find glasses to aid his defect. He rather excels in distinguishing forms and proportions; and although he cannot discover game upon the ground, from the faintness of his perception of colours, yet he is fond of shooting, and, when a boy, was rather an expert marksman, when the birds were fairly visible to him in the air. He sees them, however, only in the skylight; and on one occasion, when a large covey of partridges rose within ten or twelve yards of him, the back ground being a field of Swedish turnips, he could not perceive a single bird. His eye is decidedly convex to a considerable degree.

Mr Milne's defect was discovered in rather a curious manner. He was bound apprentice to a draper, and continued in his service for three years and a half. During two years he fell into considerable mistakes about colours, but this was attributed to inexperience and ignorance of the names of the tints merely. At length, however, in selling a piece of olive corduroy for breeches, the purchaser requested strings to tie them with; and Mr Milne was proceeding to cut off what he considered as the best match, when the person stopped him, and requested strings of the same colour as the cloth. Mr Milne begged him to point out a colour to please himself, and he selected of course a green string. When he was gone, Mr Milne was so confident that he himself was right, and the purchaser wrong, in the colour that he had chosen, that he cut off a piece of the string which he intended to give, and a piece of that which had been selected, and carried both home, with a piece of the cloth also, and showed them to his mother. She then told him that his ribbon was a bright scarlet, and the other a grass-green. His masters would not believe in any natural defect in his power of perceiving colours; and it was only after many mistakes, and some vituperation, that he was permitted to resign the business, and to betake himself to another, that of a brassfounder, to which he had a natural disposition, for he had used the turning-loom in constructing playthings when a mere boy.

As to the different colours, he knows blues and yellows, certainly; but he cannot distinguish browns, greens, and reds. A brown and green he cannot discriminate or name when apart; but when together, he sees a difference between them. Blue and pink, when about the same shade, and seen in daylight, appear to him the colour of the sky, which he calls blue; but seen in candlelight, the pink appears like a dirty buff, and the blue retains the appearance which it had in daylight. The grass appears to him more like an orange than any other coloured object with which he is acquainted. Indigo, violet, and purple, appear only different shades of one colour, darker or lighter, but not differing in their bases. He never mistakes black and white objects: he distinguishes easily between a black and a blue, and is able even to tell whether a black be a good or a bad one. In the rainbow he perceives only the yellow and the blue distinctly. He sees that there are other tints in it, but what they are he cannot distinguish, and is quite unable to name them. In daylight, crimson appears like blue or purple, but in candlelight it seems a bright red.

When in Glasgow, his greatcoat was carried off from the travellers' room by mistake, and on inquiring of the waiter what had become of it, the question was naturally put, what was the colour of the coat? Mr Milne was quite puzzled by the interrogatory; and although he had worn it for a year, he could only

reply, that it was either snuff-brown or olive-green, but which he could not tell. The waiter looked as if he suspected that Mr Milne wanted to get a coat instead of wishing to recover one; but the coat was found, although even yet Mr Milne is not able to tell the colour. He is apt to mistake copper for brass, unless he distinguish them by the file.

PARTICULARS REGARDING CANADA.

[By Mr R., a settler, recently in Edinburgh, and the author of the article, in a former number, "Who should go to Canada?"]

WITH the hope of yet adding something to the true light in which Canada should appear to the anxious eye of the emigrant, and of assisting him to the conclusions which necessity may demand he should form, I venture to make some further remarks on its character, and on those features which most directly force themselves upon the attention, by the prominence of their nature, as of public interest.

Let us then begin with the roads, which in all countries are of the greatest importance. In Upper Canada, they are, except when turning the head of a lake or the bend of a river, uniformly straight lines, and, by legal allowance, twenty-two yards in breadth. Their actual travelling state varies with the nature of the soil and seasons of the year. Where clay prevails, and a continuance of rainy weather succeeds the breaking up of the winter, for a month or six weeks they are really execrable; in the fall of the year, for about the same period, they are nearly as bad: so that every one of common foresight and prudence arranges for the transport of his goods or grain, as the case may be, either before or after such visitations. The remaining nine months, comprising the three of winter and six of summer, afford on the old lines of road very fair travelling; the latter season being, with trifling exceptions, generally warm and dry, so as to allow of a man driving his own horses with a heavy load thirty and odd miles per day. I have frequently ridden fifty miles for two days consecutively on the same horse, without the animal suffering the least distress, or refusing his food. To travellers and persons able to afford the expense, I recommend their seeing the country on horseback; first, on the score of independence and expedition, and, secondly, on that of comfort. We all know the effect of bad weather, or bad lodging, or bad company, upon the spirits, and how very much our estimate of a country takes its tone from the state of our animal nature at the time. It is therefore incumbent on all who desire to do justice to the province, to put themselves in those positions, which, without blinding them to the asperities of its character, shall yet leave the mind at liberty to exercise its judgment, uninfluenced by their shocks; and verily those of a waggon, with an apology for springs, are neither few nor easily borne. On the old lines of road, a tavern is met with almost every three or five miles; and in the new parts of the country, the traveller's horse will always carry him to his dinner, and lodging for the night, let the state of the roads be what it may.

A Canadian inn naturally occupies a place of interest in the minds of all, whether travellers new to the province or its older inhabitants. Their number to the uninitiated is really surprising; but when it is considered, that, just in proportion to distance of markets and roughness of roads must be the uncertainty of transport, the circumstance is easily accounted for. They partake in most cases of the character of the country inns in Germany—indifferently clean, affording the solids and necessities of subsistence and refreshment rather than the refinements, with dormitories for bedrooms, and an utter absence of the luxury of privacy. It would be a wonder, indeed, were it otherwise, as in all cases must the wants of a particular society be created before their supply; and the period betwixt the knowledge of such first existing, and that when they have attained a height sufficient to pay for their gratification, must ever be one of discomfort. In this state is Upper Canada at present. The refined and more comfortable habits of the higher class, had they arisen in a ratio proportionate to the same in older countries, would have been supplied ere the want was very apparently visible; but they have come with the tide—almost in a day—so as to create the wonder that the progress to meet the demand has been so rapid, rather than that the means fall so short.

The manners of a particular class of the population of the province, being those either native or recently imported from the States, will strike the European at first as being repulsive, rude, and disrespectful. But let us examine first the cause of this appearance, and

next the fact; to do which we must go back not very far—to the period when Canada, by the possession of a legislature, may be said to have become a country.

In 1791, then, we have the division of the country from Lower Canada, and a governor appointed; fifteen years posterior, or in 1806, the population of the country was estimated at (I quote Martin) 70,718 souls; in 1811, at 77,000; so that we may safely fix the American part of the population, of all descriptions, at the present day, to be under 100,000, or about a fourth of the present inhabitants. Now, the stock from which this seed has sprung are New England loyalists, or such persons as, during the war with America, adhered to Great Britain, and took shelter in Canada; or out-and-out Americans, as they were before and after the declaration of independence. From such people, without, until the last very few years, the influx of wealth or influence to refine and inspirit, and without the existence, it may be said, and truly, of a standard higher than their own by which to compare, whether moral, religious, or social, is it to be expected that that deference paid to rank, or superiority of whatever description, in an old country, by people accustomed to its distinctions and influences almost as a habit, is suddenly to be created in a new one by their mere appearance, and for the first time? and are forms of society to be understood by those who never knew them, or their breach punished when the injury committed is unintentional? Rudeness exists in every country, but it is only the rudeness of malice that should offend; and that in Upper Canada is much too often applied to a manly independence, somewhat vulgarly, but in the majority of this particular part of the population not insolently, asserted. The remaining three-fourths are therefore direct from Great Britain and Ireland, within the last twenty years, or their progeny; consequently, their feelings, manners, and customs, are those of their native country, with the addition of that spirit of independence which the value of labour creates, and in some cases of Americanisms in language, which man in his imitative nature is so apt to acquire.

It would be out of place here to do more than notice the remarks of Mr Sherriff in his work on Canada, lately published. But as on this subject, as in most things relating to the country, he has done the people in my opinion much less than justice, I cannot refrain from expressing my belief, that, in his laudable anxiety to disabuse the minds of emigrants of the notion of the country being a paradise, and labour and privation unnecessary, he has fallen into the opposite extreme, and created gloom and doubt where assuredly there was no occasion. If Mr Fergusson has overestimated the profits of farmers, Mr Sherriff has underrated the wages of labour, so as, I will venture to say, to make Mr Fergusson's statement a correct one, if their price be as Mr Sherriff states. But the truth I imagine to lie between the two, and the result in all cases is only to be obtained by diligence, attention, and prudence. Mr Sherriff has also shown himself either ignorant or regardless of those feelings for our native country, which in no place more than in a foreign land have so great an effect on our happiness; as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, he may or may not be right in recommending the Illinois territory and the States to Upper Canada; but as a step which is to be productive of contentment as well as independence, I hesitate not to say that he is wrong, and that emigration to the United States, to the Scotch particularly, will produce such a discordance between their national and social feelings, and those of that country, as to disable them from realising its advantages. Educated people may (not always) know what will suit their dispositions; but to the poorer portion of society, who do what is recommended by those they think capable of judging, such knowledge is rare.

Of the state of prices and labour I would say a few words, for much uncertainty exists, and the discrepancy in the statements of persons who have seen the country has done nothing to relieve it.

It is asserted with truth, "that all countries in their situation of colonies, owing their advancement to an immigration of capital and labour, must be progressive just to the extent and regularity of that immigration." Of themselves at least, while in an infant state, they can improve but slowly, in perhaps the ratio of their own natural increase, apart from external aid. But when, in addition to an already fixed population, like that of Upper Canada, of nearly 400,000, there happens to be an annual acquisition of from 10 to 40,000 souls, it may easily be conceived how the markets must be influenced—influenced after much care on the part of the local government, in the end beneficially, but in the meantime productive of fluctuation in prices, both of commodities and labour to a mischievous extent.

I think to this cause, more than to any other, must be attributed those contradictory accounts which every

day produces, and which lay down as a standard that rate of prices and wages of labour which the mere traveller has picked up by the wayside, and which he has assumed (because prevalent at the moment) to be uniform facts to be acted on. But the reverse is the truth: not only are prices irregular for *service labour* (in contradistinction to mechanical), but no one place is a standard at any time for the whole country by many, many degrees; the places last settled and rising paying the highest, and, through the intermediate steps to the reverse, having every description of difference.

Men of liberal and comprehensive minds will see that the abuse levelled at those who hold out the advantageous prospects of emigrants, is in nowise merited. The colony is in the strength and vigour of youth; it has nature so strong within it, and climate so generally favourable to our countrymen, as to be able to bear much more calumny than falls to its lot. But while, on the one hand, the people of Canada may safely leave its merits to work their own way in the strength of their truth, I would advise my countrymen, whom distress obliges to seek refuge abroad, to examine for themselves the foundation on which those merits rest—to sift the sand from the rock, and be, after the truth even is ascertained, careful that their constitution of mind and body are in accordance. In a question of such vital importance as expatriation, the surface must be penetrated, and each use his judgment in the appreciation of the soil underneath. Roads may be bad, inns uncomfortable, letters miscarry; but these are trifles to the question of the soundness of heart on which hinge the prosperity of the colony, and the removal of those as well as other evils. It is certain that I do look upon the colony not only as sound in heart, but rising with a rapidity, and reforming its abuses with a judgment, as great as the latter is correct.

It is considered by some at first sight as an evil that the poor man, in consequence of the average value of land in not remote districts being so high as twelve shillings and sixpence per acre, is debarred from immediate purchase; but I believe it to be the reverse; and that my own countrymen think so, I have had ample experience. And let every man consider what a new country is, what its habits, what the prices, what the uses he has to make of it, and how he is to learn those usages with the few previous opportunities that have been offered for this in this country, if any at all! It is well for Mr Sherriff to see this and that, or other practical and educated man; but the application to the farm labourer or manufacturing operative, is nonsense. Just let us suppose that a man and his wife got land cheap—say for nothing—what is the first year to produce? Is the use of the axe to come by instinct—the chopping, the burning, and the logging, are they to be intuitive? Why, the Americans themselves, the smartest men at finding out value I know, have almost passed it to a proverb, that the first year of men such as I speak of is valueless almost at that particular work, while they will give any price to them as ditchers, ploughmen, and stock and dairy managers. No, no; if the poor be advised, they will bring their labour to the best market, and learn their future business in the employ of those who will teach them at the same time that they feed and pay them.

Of the distress experienced for the first year by emigrants, especially on arrival, much, nay, all, is owing to the utter impossibility on the part of the colonists to calculate its amount. It may be easily seen that a country like Upper Canada may afford relief and instantaneous employment to 20,000 souls, which, in the absence of any data on which to make preparation, may fail in doing so satisfactorily to twice or thrice the number. His Excellency Sir John Colborne, who intended to submit to the British government a plan and guarantee for the provision of an annual immigration of 100,000 souls, I have no doubt, was as much guided in its construction by considerations of the evils of its irregularity, as the ultimate benefit to the colony and the mother country, by the magnitude of the proposed number, and the precaution of effective organisation or preparation. Even as it is, if common activity, and inclination to abide by any work which shall afford food and shelter and moderate wages, till a footing be gained—if such be shown and felt, the emigrant will not find his merits suffered to remain long hid under a bushel, or his labour at a discount. But let him lay it to account, that in those years in which immigration has very much exceeded expectation, there will be to him more distress, and that that distress will continue till capital has been stirred into employ, to take advantage of the surplus labour. The public works, and the annual provision of the local government, as well as the general liberality of the people, preclude any thing like the misery we daily see and have detailed to us in the newspapers in this country; so that fears of want need never intrude except when entailed by loss of character and misconduct. For the last three or four years there has been nothing of the kind that I have heard, for capital has rather exceeded labour than otherwise; nor do I apprehend, except in extraordinary influxes, that such will occur again, for every year not only develops the powers, but increases the capabilities, of the colony, so much as to make the maintenance of 50,000 persons of greater ease now than ten years ago it could have done to half that number. I cordially agree with Cobbett in his advice

to the farm labourer, to *stick his legs under another man's table until he has saved enough and seen enough* to set up for himself; meaning thereby, that no consideration should induce him to buy land or speculate in any way until he has provided, by service and conduct, means and information on which to act with advantage.

THE ART OF PAPER-MAKING.

THE origin of the art of paper-making is involved in considerable obscurity; but from the closest investigations into the subject by antiquaries, it would appear that it was known and practised in China upwards of two thousand years ago. From China it is said to have found its way into Persia, from Persia to Arabia, and from Arabia to Spain, into which it was introduced by the Moors. From Spain, a knowledge of the art spread to France about the year 1260, to Germany in 1312, and it is known to have been in England in the year 1320.

The Chinese made their paper of silk or bamboo reduced to a pulp; the Arabs did not follow this practice, but formed their paper of cotton; and the Spaniards were the first who tried the process with linen substances. In the present day the greater part of writing and printing papers in this and other countries is manufactured from linen rags, cut down, and reduced with water to a pulp. Papers of a coarser fabric are made from old ropes, cotton waste, and other vegetable matter; lately we saw a remarkably fine specimen of brown packing paper made from the refuse of mangel wurzel. The rags forming the basis of nearly all the best English and Scotch papers are imported in bags from Bremen and Hamburg, also from different ports in the Mediterranean. These rags are sorted of various qualities, and from their appearance they seem to have composed the garments of the females in those countries whence they are derived. The rags composing the paper on which the present Journal is printed are imported from Bremen and Hamburg, to which place they have been brought by travelling Jew merchants and others from most parts in the north of Europe. English rags are generally less substantial in fabric, and sell at a much lower price than those of the above places; they consequently make a paper weaker in fabric, and this insubstantiality is sometimes farther increased by the admixture of cotton and other inferior substances.

Until comparatively recent times, all kinds of paper were made by a tedious and expensive process. The rags being reduced to a pulp, the matter was lifted in sieves by the hands of a workman, sheet after sheet, a practice now entirely disused except in coarse and some descriptions of writing paper. The greater part of writing, and almost the whole of printing papers manufactured in Great Britain, are now made by machines, according to a method invented by the Messrs Fourdrinier, who may be considered the Arkwrights of paper-making, and which is as follows:—

After the rags have arrived in the premises, the first operation is that of picking and sorting them into different heaps, according to the quality of the paper intended to be made from them. They are then cut into small pieces of as equal a size as possible, being four or five inches square. This is done by the hand, by large broad knives fixed in a board or table, like that in a joiner's workshop. The back of the knife is towards the cutter, and is placed in a sloping position backwards from the heel to the point. This operation, as well as the previous ones, is executed by women, and cutting a hundredweight is reckoned a fair day's work. After being cut, the rags are put into the *dusting machine*, a large circular wire sieve, which being made to revolve rapidly, effectually cleanses the rags from any dust or loose matter adhering to them. After this they are put into troughs and boiled for a certain time (according to the size of the boiler), both to cleanse them more thoroughly, and to soften them; and from thence they are lifted with a copper grate, and carried in boxes to the first washing-machine. The latter consists of a large oblong stone trough, into which, during the process of manufacturing, a continued stream of clear water is allowed to run, and being permitted to escape at the same time by a different outlet, it is kept in a manner always fresh and pure. On one side of the trough is erected the machine, which, as it serves the purpose both of washing and grinding the rags, is termed by the operatives the *breaking-in engine*. It is of very simple construction, consisting of a roller revolving by machinery horizontally over the surface of a closely and sharply-grooved plate, by which the rags are torn in shreds. The continued gush of water into one end of the trough keeps the contents continually revolving, while at the bottom are placed *agitators* for preventing any part subsiding to the bottom; and thus the whole is gradually and equally reduced to a sort of pulp. After being sufficiently ground and washed in this manner, which occupies about an hour and a half, the stuff is passed down by boxes communicating with the trough to the bleaching-boxes, each of which is formed to hold a hundredweight of rags after being reduced to the state described. And we ought perhaps before to have mentioned, that the rags being all exactly weighed when dry, and previous to being subjected to any process whatever, the proper quantity of stuff is afterwards easily regulated in passing from one department to another. It has been found that a quantity of stuff, which in its

original state would have amounted to one hundred-weight of rags, is found most suitable for bleaching. The bleaching-liquor consists simply of a strong solution of lime.

After bleaching for twelve hours, the stuff is again put into a washing-machine, for the purpose of cleansing it thoroughly from the bleaching liquor. This process is exactly similar to that previously described, the only difference being, that in the latter the roller (which is in both regulated by a screw) is brought closer to the horizontal plate above described, and thus reduces the stuff to a finer quality. It is here also that the size—the addition or the want of which, as is well known, constitutes the chief difference between paper for the reception of ink and the other sorts—is added to the stuff, with the exception of that intended for the finer sorts of writing-paper, which is all sized by the hand (called *tub-sizing*) after being manufactured.

From the second washing-machine the stuff is passed down to a large tun, like a brewer's vat, called the *stuff-chest*; being merely a reservoir for holding the liquid, which now bears the closest resemblance to soured or curdled milk, preparatory to being let into the machine where it is made into paper. In the bottom of it are agitators, which keep the liquid continually mixing, and thus preserving it in a uniform degree of thickness. From the chest the stuff is let out by a sluice into a pipe, which leads it to one end of the machine, by which it is converted into paper; the opening whence it finally issues corresponding exactly in breadth to the machine. The quantity and thickness of the stuff admitted into the latter is regulated according to the kind of paper to be made, and this must be entrusted solely to the experience of the workman.

The first part of the machinery upon which the stuff comes is a brass wire-cloth, of so fine a texture that there are *seventy wires* in the inch. It is woven, we understand, exactly in the same manner as linen. This wire-cloth may be described as a sort of belt without any break in it, which is kept continually revolving, but in such a way that the upper side, upon which the stuff is received, preserves a flat and horizontal surface. After passing between a pair of rollers, where it delivers the stuff, it is led backwards again under the frame, and so goes on in a continuous revolution. Upon the upper surface of the wire are placed moveable sides, which, by being approached to, or drawn back from each other, regulate the breadth of the sheet to be manufactured; so that it can be made either the whole breadth of the wire-cloth, or otherwise, at pleasure. By an ingenious contrivance, too, an agitating horizontal motion, similar to that given to the sieve of a pair of fanners, is communicated to the wire-cloth on receiving the stuff, by which it is more equally distributed over the surface, and renders the paper of a uniform strength and thickness.

The first pair of rollers through which the stuff passes, are called the *couching rollers*. The under roller is simply cast-iron, while the upper one is rolled round with woollen cloth of a peculiar texture, manufactured for the purpose. It is upon this upper one that the stuff is delivered; and there are men stationed behind, where the wire leaves the rollers, with small sponges to lick it up from the wire and fix it to the roller when the machinery is first set a-going, after which it adheres of itself. In going through these rollers, the stuff only undergoes a slight degree of compression; and it will be evident, from their different kinds of surfaces, that it can only be pressed smooth on one side. To render both sides alike, therefore, what may now be called the sheet is transferred to another pair of rollers of the very same description, where the process is simply reversed by the rough side of the paper being pressed by the cast-iron roller. These last rollers are considerably closer than the first, and thus render the sheet more dry and firm. It often happens, when the sheet is passing from these rollers to the others that succeed them, that it breaks, and adheres to the woollen roller; in which event, should the broken parts be carried round on the surface of the roller, they would inevitably injure the part of the sheet which follows. In order to avert this casualty, there is affixed lengthwise along the upper surface of the roller, a large knife, resembling in breadth and sharpness a common scythe, the edge of which, being placed in a sloping manner, like the blades of a wright's plane, is brought so close to the roller, as effectually to shave off any substance that may chance to adhere to it. This instrument is called the "*doctor*," and is found of the utmost utility.

After passing through one or two other pairs of rollers besides those just described, the sheet is passed on to the drying cylinders, of which there are two. They are hollow, and heated by steam introduced through pipes at each end of their axis. By various ingenious contrivances, there are ready means for letting off the extra steam, as well as for throwing out the water that gathers within the cylinder. The latter object is accomplished by means of an instrument shaped like a corkscrew, and is wrought by the machinery. The first of these cylinders is of a cooler temperature than the one behind it, in order that the paper may be dried gradually. When either of them are too hot, it is at once seen by the shrivelling of the paper, when the temperature is immediately lowered by letting out the steam. From the last cylinder the sheet is forthwith transferred, after passing through an intervening pair of rollers to smooth it after drying, to the

reeling frame, upon which it is wound, and the process is complete—the paper fit for immediate use.

It has taken us some time to detail the different operations of this beautiful and extraordinary machine, although the whole process is gone through almost with the speed of thought. Some idea of its expedition may be gathered from the fact, that, when working paper of the full breadth of the machine, a quantity of stuff equivalent to *six and twenty feet* of what is called common *demi* paper, is let into it in the course of the *minute*! The whole machine is not more than twelve or thirteen feet in length, into one end of which we see a white liquid resembling butter-milk running in, and from the other comes forth a finished fabric, now become almost as important to mankind, in its various uses, as the art of printing itself; and without which, indeed, the latter art would lose its chief value.

It is to be observed, that no break or stop takes place during the process, unless what may happen from accidents. The whole goes on continuously and uninterruptedly, with scarcely the smallest exertion of manual labour. When we behold so great a triumph of mechanical art, one may almost be pardoned for doubting whether the wonderful machine jocularly hinted at by the Author of *Waverley*, where undressed flax is put in at one end and comes out at the other in the shape of finished ruffled shirts, washed, dressed, and all, be altogether chimerical!

Another remarkable fact attending this invention remains to be added, namely, that the sheet of paper can be made of any given length—fifty miles at a stretch, if such an article were necessary, and did the size of the reel admit of it. From a paragraph, indeed, which not long since appeared in the public prints, noticing a commission lately sent to a paper-maker to manufacture and send *ten miles* of a particular sort, it seems not at all improbable that orders may soon come to be generally given and executed on such terms.

The reeling process is not behind any other department for ingenuity. It is a double reel, moveable upon an axis, and so contrived that when one reel has received the proper quantity of paper, the empty one is turned round into its place. The reeling process thus goes on uninterruptedly, while the operatives cut the paper upon the full reel into the suitable lengths and breadth, and thus have it ready for again receiving another complement. The method for ascertaining when the usual stated quantity has been put upon one reel, is by a signal given by a small machine, not bigger than a watch, the mechanism of which is connected with the reel. By hands on the dial-plate, too, it can be seen when the half, quarter, and so forth, of the reelful has been wound on, so that any given quantity of paper, and no more, may thus, when required, be cut off.

When the paper has been cut off the reel, it is carried to the finishing-house. Here it is first pressed, generally by a force-pump water-press. It is then carefully examined, and all the dirty or broken sheets picked out and put aside. It is afterwards assorted into quires and reams, and pressed over again; after which the parcels are ready for receiving the stamp of the exciseman. The fine writing-paper is hot-pressed by placing a metal plate heated by steam betwixt every sixty or seventy sheets. A glazed pasteboard is put betwixt each sheet. After being taken out, it is carefully cut round the edges with an instrument used by bookbinders, called a *plough*, and put up into separate reams.

The best writing-papers are, we believe, made in Kent, a district in which the water is pure, or free of particles of iron, which, when they occur, mark the sheets with brown spots. Good printing papers are now made in all parts of Great Britain. Of late years great improvements have taken place in this branch of the manufacture, and we now rarely see a volume printed on bad paper. Paper-making in Scotland is of a comparatively modern date; but in the present day the printing-papers made in this part of the United Kingdom compete with any manufactured in the south. One of the chief seats of the Scottish paper manufacture is on the river Esk, in Mid-Lothian; and it is at mills in this quarter that the paper for our Journal and other publications is manufactured.

MOLES.

[From Jesse's *Gleanings in Natural History*.]

The mole-hills which we see in fields and meadows are thrown up by the mole probably during its search for food. Little was known of the natural history of this animal, till a French naturalist, M. St Hilaire, published lately some interesting particulars respecting it. The mole forms several under-ground passages, and the way she proceeds in doing this is as follows.—She first makes a *run* in various directions, by undermining the ground, and unites this and several others at one point, making, however, some of them larger than the others. M. St Hilaire says that she finishes by arranging them with the most perfect symmetry, plastering the sides with great care; and when completed, it may be called her *encampment*. In the centre of these works she establishes herself, and appropriates a separate place to the reception of her young, which is in some respects differently constructed from her own. In order to render the respective habitations which she and her young occupy not liable to be in-

jured by the rain, she makes them almost even with the ground, and higher up than the runs, which serve as drains, or channels, to carry off the water. She makes choice of the place of her abode with the greatest care, sometimes constructing it at the foot of a wall, or near a hedge or a tree, where it has the less chance of being broken in. This abode is sometimes protected by having a quantity of earth thrown over it, especially in light soils, where I have seen a mound almost large enough to fill a wheelbarrow. Sometimes, however, no earth is thrown up over the habitation. This precaution of the mole is very necessary, to prevent the places she has chosen for retreats for herself and her young from being trampled in. When a mole has occasion to make her run through a gateway, I have observed that she generally carries it as near as possible to the gate-post, where it is less likely to be injured. Some runs are so near the surface, that I have seen the ground crack during the animal's progress in working them. The bed for the young is composed of the blades of wheat, with which the mole forms a sort of mattress. Four hundred and two of them were counted in one nest, and all so fresh in their appearance, that they had been probably collected by this little animal in the course of two or three days. This shows not only her extraordinary industry, but the great depredation she must commit.

The mole is never known to work for food near the place which she has fixed upon for her abode. She labours to procure it about two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, and then returns to her home or resting-place, which is so constructed that she is instantly made aware of any danger. This effect is produced by forming the upper runs in a sort of circle, so as to communicate a vibration when any thing passes over them. The mole then takes alarm, and escapes by one of her *safety* runs.

The mole is not often seen on the surface of the earth. I once, however, caught one, and turned it loose upon a lawn, the turf of which was on a bed of strong gravel, and particularly hard and dry. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the mole contrived to bury itself almost in an instant, working into the earth by means of her snout and fins (for they can hardly be called feet), so fast that the ground seemed to yield to her mere pressure.

The power of smelling in the mole is very acute; and it is supposed that this sense serves to direct her in the search of her food. She hunts after beetles and worms, which last she pursues eagerly, but not always successfully; for the earthworm is aware of its danger, and quick in escaping from it. Her search for prey taking place in the morning and evening, when birds are more generally on their feed, must be the means of contributing greatly to their subsistence by driving worms to the surface of the earth, and furnishes another striking proof that the "fowls of the air" have their food provided by an almighty and superintending Providence in a variety of ways.

Le Court, who assisted M. St Hilaire in his observations, and who appears to have been a sort of philosophical mole-catcher, was surprised when the naturalist expressed a doubt as to the mole seeing. He informed him that, in swimming rivers, they habitually guide themselves by their sight; but in order to satisfy M. St Hilaire on this point, he contrived the following experiment with him.—They made two openings in a dry tiled drain, at one of which several moles were successively introduced. Le Court took his stand at the other. If he stood quite still, the mole soon came out and escaped; but if, at the moment in which she showed herself at the hole, he moved only his thumb, she stopped and turned back. By repeating this as often as she re-appeared, the mole was kept imprisoned in the drain.

There has been a very general idea amongst our mole-catchers, that if the smallest drop of blood is taken from a mole, it occasions instant death. Le Court seems to account for this opinion in speaking of the fights which take place between the male moles, by saying, that if one is ever so slightly wounded in a vein near the ear, the wound is mortal.

In order to ascertain the rate at which a mole moved, he put in practice the following curious experiment:—He placed some slight sticks, with a little flag at the top of them, in the run of a mole, which he had previously ascertained, by tracing it, to be of considerable length, and along which the mole passed and repassed four times a-day in search of food. These sticks were placed at certain intervals in the run, so that if the mole touched them, the flag would instantly show it. He then introduced a horn at one extremity of the run, and blowing it loudly, frightened the animal; and she then went along the run at such a rate, moving the flags in her passage, that Le Court and his friends, who were stationed at intervals along the run to assist in the observation, considered that she went as fast as a horse could trot at its greatest speed.

Hunger in the mole is thought to be a more violent feeling than fear, and its appetite is singularly voracious. If it sees a bird near, it quits its hole—approaches as if to attack it; and if the bird pecks it, the mole retires towards its hole, and tempts the bird to follow. She then watches her opportunity—darts upon it—seizes it by the belly, which she tears open, assisting herself for this purpose with her *fjaps*, and, thrusting her head into it, devours it. She drinks as greedily as she eats. The mole does not, like the mouse, lay up a store of food, as she preys on worms

and various kinds of insects: she will also eat frogs, but will not touch a toad, if ever so hungry. A mole was tried with eggs and oysters, but refused to eat either. They will, however, eat fruit, and, Buffon says, acorns. If two moles are shut up together without food, the strongest will devour the weakest, even to the bones: nothing but the skin is left, which they never eat, and which, when one has killed the other, is always seen to be ripped up along the belly. It was found that ten or twelve hours was the longest time they could live without food. This fact seems to prove that the mole is not torpid in frosty weather, which Linnaeus asserted she was. It is known that, in such seasons, worms, ants, and the larvae of cockchafers and beetles, penetrate deep into the ground. It is probable, therefore, that the runs of the mole made in search of food are regulated, as to their depth, by the habits of the grubs on which she feeds. One would suppose, from the texture of its fur, which is particularly short and thick, that the mole is not very susceptible of cold. Indeed, its whole formation is admirably adapted to its mode of life.

It has been said that the mole, when the ground which it frequents is flooded, will climb up trees. This, however, seems to be unnecessary, as I have seen it swim with perfect ease, which indeed Le Court had also observed.

PRECAUTIONS IN THE MANAGEMENT OF GAS-LIGHTS.—(From a useful work called *Practical Observations on Gas-Lighting*. By J. O. N. Rutter.)

Children should never be permitted to touch the stop-cocks nor any other part of gas-fittings, nor should servants be too much depended on, until it is ascertained they fully understand turning the gas off and on; and they must be very dull indeed if they cannot comprehend that process in less than a week. It is a safe plan to turn off the main-cock at night; but when gas is kept burning in a bedroom or nursery, of course that is impracticable. The pressure, however, on the fittings, generally, might be diminished by turning off so much of the main-cock as only to allow sufficient gas to enter by it for one or two burners, as may be required. It is important that attention should be paid to the quantity of gas admitted to the burner. Whenever there is any smoke or other effluvia arising from well-purified gas, it implies unnecessary waste, and is the result of ignorance or of carelessness. If the escape of the gas at the stopcock be properly regulated, the whole of it enters into combustion, and the products pass off in a state of vapour. On the principle of economy, therefore, as well as of comfort and cleanliness, it is desirable to attend to this particular. An accidental escape of gas, whether it arise from a fractured service-pipe, an imperfect joint, or a stopcock carelessly left open, can scarcely pass unnoticed for many minutes, excepting it be in a cellar or closet from which fresh air is carefully excluded. If the escape occur in a room which is ever so imperfectly ventilated, either by a window, a grating, or a chimney, some time will elapse before the air becomes sufficiently vitiated by the gas to render the mixture explosive. Whenever an escape is indicated by a strong smell of gas in any part of the house, the first thing that should be done is to open the doors and windows, so as to pass a current of air through all the suspected apartments. The main-cock should be turned off as speedily as possible; but if it be in a cellar, or other confined situation, on no account should it be approached with a lighted candle or lamp, nor indeed with flame of any kind. As a measure of prudence, it would be advisable, under the peculiar circumstances we have described, not to take a light into any part of the house until it has been well ventilated. It is best to be on the safe side, and to be too careful rather than too negligent.

NOBODY WILL STEAL YEARS.—Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, took a Hungarian battalion prisoners. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting—by rapid and desultory attacks on the flank, the rear, the lines of communication, &c.—concluding by saying, "that he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa, in Germany, when battles used to be won in a regular systematic way." "You must be old?" said Napoleon. "Yes; I am either sixty or seventy." "Why, colonel, you have certainly lived long enough to count years a little more closely!" "General," said the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts, and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and I shall not lose one of them!"

ESCAPE INFERRENTIAL.—An unpopular actor, being announced in the Dublin playbills to perform Richard the Third, was prevented by sudden indisposition. On this disappointment being communicated by the manager from the stage, a man in the pit sprang up, and, addressing the audience in a stentorian voice, cried, "*Jantleman*, you may ate your apples!"

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